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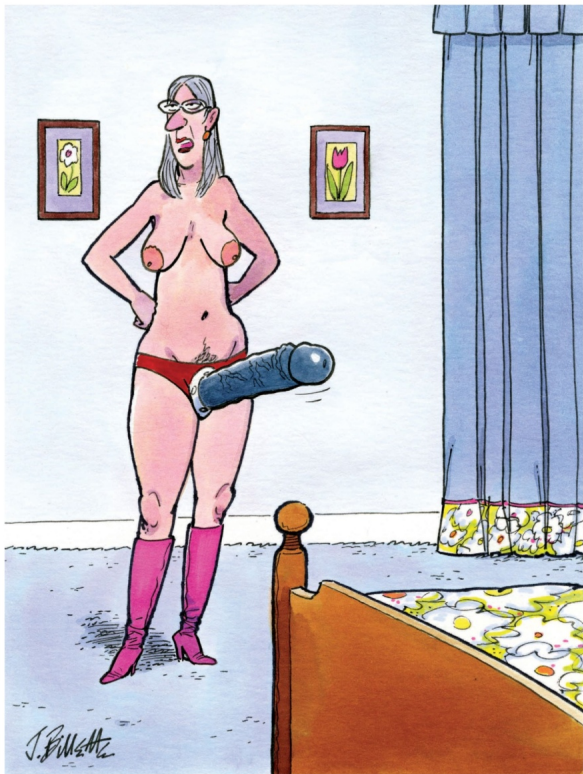
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"C'mon, don't hide, Richard! You promised to try!"



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AMERICA: THE KILLING FIELD

In the last year we have been horrified by an endless stream of mass murders and questionable police shootings, to the point that it's almost the new normal—tune in for Shooting Tragedy of the Week. While American homicide rates had been falling steadily since the 1990s, the trend is now starting to reverse.

The greater availability and sheer number of private guns in America is surely part of the story—we account for over 50% of the world's privately owned guns, just as we account for almost half of global military spending. No other country spends so large a share of its GDP on weapons. One of the few American industries that still leads the world is the manufacture of armaments, and those huge profits ensure a vested interest in keeping the bullets flying.

Some countries have high private gun ownership rates without our high gun homicide rates—Switzerland, for example, where the idea of “a well-regulated militia” began and is still in force. The Swiss experience inspired our Second Amendment, and they've got it right, with much stricter regulations.

Another part of the problem is that we are a younger nation than the Europeans, not so far from the violent fron-

tier days that we still romanticize—and even closer to WWII. Social scientists need to research exactly why we behave the way we do with respect to these shootings, but I suspect that the gluttonous diet of gun violence we're fed by Hollywood and the media plays a role. You are what you eat—or what you watch.

A majority of gun owners actually support extended background checks and closing off the straw-buyer loopholes, but the unhinged NRA has made any regulation to reduce the mayhem a heresy and encroachment on private rights. The nation must bleed endlessly before, God forbid, anyone suffers a minor inconvenience at a gun show.

We can still have our guns without worshipping them as an idol. And we can reduce, if not eliminate, the carnage in our homes, schools and businesses without losing our precious Second Amendment. The Swiss have done it, and so can we.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"You're in luck, Mr. Trump—1-900-FUCKING-PRICK is still available."

SHADY ARABIA

OUR ALLY EXPORTS EXTREMISM, TERROR AND CARNAGE TO AMERICA.

Shit happens, okay, extremely evil shit like a lunatic couple in San Bernardino, California, deciding to turn the husband's office holiday party into a killing-field blood-bath. *The Revenge of the Crazy Muslim Health Inspector* would be the title if some mindless screenwriter made it up. Of course the avenging hero who rights this wrong would be a comically deranged demagogue who can't tell a Mexican from a Muslim, but promises to keep them both out with a high enough wall. Except that in America the deranged demagogue is a reality-show star with the chops to turn the Republican primary elections into a Halloween-party food fight by scaring his fatally more reasonable opponents into horrifying postures.

Donald Trump wants to ban all Muslims from entering this country? Hah, Ted Cruz will see that and go one better: carpet-bomb anything that moves in the large swath of territory in Syria and Iraq that ISIS controls, even though most victims would be innocent civilians. These are the same civilians that hawks from both parties claimed to be saving by invading Iraq and moving to overthrow the secular governments of Libya and Syria, leading to the creation of ISIS.

All this bravado came down less than one week after the horrible December slaughter in California, when we knew next to nothing about the motives of the perps. What was clear—as confirmed by the FBI, CIA and NSA—is that the many billions spent on our vast government surveillance apparatus had not provided one iota of information predicting the actions of the two nutjobs who caused all that carnage.

No surprise there, since those same "intelligence" agencies have not, to this day, come up with a clue concerning the recruitment of those 15 men from Saudi Arabia who provided the muscle for the 9/11 attacks. All had travel documents verified by that Islamic kingdom's government.

No surprise either that the husband and wife who terrorized San Bernardino were apparently inspired by their common worship of the Saudi brand of Islamic fanaticism. You don't get that kind of religious extremism just anywhere.

When Barack Obama solemnly pointed

out that the "radicalized" couple-turned-killers were part of an international trend, he was just like George W. Bush describing the 9/11 hijackers. President Obama and his predecessor both managed to avoid mentioning that the source of this radicalization was not the Prophet Muhammad. It's the perverse rendition of his scripture by a dark theocracy that the U.S. has kept in power for more than 70 years because Saudi Arabia ships us oil and buys our weapons and defense systems.

It's a profitable deal with the devil: We look the other way when our ally flogs free-speech advocates, beheads criminals and stones others to death at the same time that we condemn atrocities carried out by disaffected former subjects of the Saudi royal family.

Here's what quickly came to light following the deadliest terrorist attack on our soil since 9/11: While together in Saudi Arabia, a U.S.-born health inspector of Pakistani descent and his Pakistani pharmacist fiancée decided to apply for a visa allowing

them to come to America with the stated purpose of getting married. Instead, their romance devolved into mass murder of the husband's coworkers.

"We have learned and believe that both subjects were radicalized and had been for quite some time," stated David Bowdich, the FBI's assistant director handling the case, using the same words as the President, although Bowdich conceded he did not know how that radicalization came about. No problem, because the FBI is "working with our foreign counterparts" to figure out the profiles of the jihadist couple, who died together in a shoot-out with police a few hours after the massacre.

Lots of luck getting any information from those unspecified "foreign counterparts." A good guess is that Bowdich was referring to the Saudi government, which never has come clean regarding its connection with the 9/11 attacks or relationship to just about every other bit of the Middle East's escalating madness. **[E]**

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of *TruthDig.com*. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy*.



Brothers talk.



"Time to update how we'll refer to the next President of the United States, since there's no way we'll win the White House with the crop of crazy retards that are running as Republicans."

VOTING MACHINE BOONDOGGLE CONTINUES

DON'T REPLACE THE COMPUTERS THAT TALLY OUR VOTES. GET RID OF THEM.

Last September New York University's Brennan Center for Justice issued a terrifying report titled "America's Voting Machines at Risk." According to the comprehensive study, computers used to cast and count nearly every single vote are "rapidly aging out."

Coauthor Lawrence Norden told me the "biggest finding is that, in the vast majority of the country, [electronic voting] machines are at or rapidly approaching the ends of their lifespans, and that, right now anyway in most places, there aren't plans or budgets to replace them." Failing electronic voting systems in at least 43 states, Norden explained, resulted in some 500,000 to 700,000 votes lost in the 2014 elections alone thanks to long lines that occur when voting systems crash or don't function properly.

While correct that it's time to get rid of our aging machines, the Brennan Center's "solution"—replacing them with new computers that will offer many of the same problems as the old ones—seems to be madness, given what we have learned in the years following the 2000 and 2004 election boondoggles.

At BradBlog.com I've spent the better part of the past decade highlighting failure after failure of these systems. They are easily manipulated by insiders and hackers alike. They often simply fail to count votes accurately. And I'm not just talking about the touch-screen-type systems on which it is 100% impossible to verify that any vote has ever been recorded accurately for any voter during any election. I'm also talking about hand-marked paper ballot systems.

A real paper ballot is essential for every vote cast, and most of the nation now, thankfully, uses them. But the dirty little secret of America's electoral system is that those paper ballots are rarely, if ever, counted by a human being. Just like unverifiable touch-screen votes, those ballots are also tabulated by computers. Whether they tabulate voters' intent accurately is impossible to know...unless we bother to count the paper by hand. All of which raises the question of why we'd bother to use such systems in the first place, much less

spend billions to replace them with more invisible vote-counting computers.

In the lead-up to the off-off-year 2015 elections, Wichita State University mathematician Beth Clarkson analyzed computer-tabulated returns in Kansas and elsewhere over several elections. After discovering statistical anomalies favoring Republicans, Clarkson sought to examine the paper records of votes cast in Sedgwick County and other venues, but was forced to file a lawsuit because Kansas law makes no provision for auditing election results for accuracy. Meanwhile, Kansas's secretary of state continues to block Clarkson's attempts to verify her documented findings.

In Pima County (Tucson), Arizona, an election-integrity advocate examining a public, 24-hour security camera feed inside election headquarters discovered an official breaking the security seal on the county's central tabulation computer just hours after it had been tested and sealed in advance of Election Day. He alerted the news media; the county's elections director offered a questionable explanation

and admitted that one of his employees had breached the computer-tallied paper ballot system. A new pre-election test was carried out thanks to the diligence of a concerned citizen.

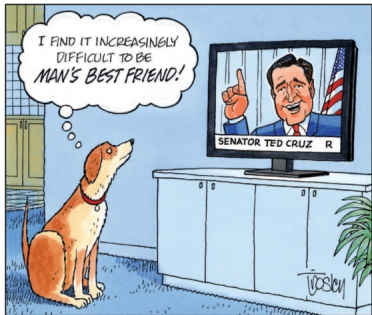
Similar tabulators have declared losing candidates to be winners and vice versa. We only know about these cases because citizens or officials were able to examine ballots by hand to determine if computer-tabulated results were inaccurate.

The fact is, such examinations almost never happen. In virtually every election across the country, computer-reported results are never checked for accuracy. Computers, not people, ultimately determine the outcomes of our elections—no matter if that computer has been tampered with, misprogrammed or reports results that are statistically impossible.

Now "experts" want to replace those systems with ones that share the very same vulnerabilities? No thanks.

It's time for a publicly observed counting of hand-marked paper ballots, tallied by human beings at each precinct on election night, with results publicly posted before ballots are moved anywhere. Enough is enough. It's our democracy. We need to take it back—one hand-marked, hand-counted paper ballot at a time. **H**

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (BradBlog.com).



DAD, REPUBLICANS ALWAYS HELP RICH PEOPLE AND NEVER HELP POOR FOLKS LIKE US ! WHY DO YOU ALWAYS VOTE FOR THEM ?!

SON, THE REPUBLICANS LIKE GUNS, AND THEY DON'T LIKE PEOPLE THAT AIN'T WHITE ! THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW !



Donald Trump has shocked the nation by leading the dense pack of contenders for the Republican Presidential nomination, prompting even the anointed candidate of the GOP establishment, Jeb Bush, to allegedly call him a "buffoon," "clown" and "asshole."

It's not hard to understand Trump's appeal: For an electorate long weary of the mealy-mouthed evasions and politically correct platitudes of stage-managed professional politicians, Trump comes across as a breath of fresh air: brash, uninhibited and unapologetic, always ready to blurt out what's on his mind without a second thought—or any thought whatsoever.

And that's the problem. Occasionally, he utters some truth that others dare not broach, like his insistence that, yes, George W. Bush's dereliction of duty in the White House was partially responsible for the 9/11 attacks. But for every rare pearl of genuine wisdom, there is a glut of astounding ignorant, offensive and dead-wrong effusions that would be laughable if not taken seriously by his equally uninformed supporters. Jeb Bush's assessment is not just sour grapes; by any measure, the man is a xenophobic, racist, sexist, egomaniacal, gibbering idiot pandering to the lowest common denominator.

We'll start with his blatant contempt for women. When Fox News anchor Megyn Kelly challenged him in the first GOP debate—"You've called women you don't like 'fat pigs,' 'dogs,' 'slobs' and 'disgusting animals.'"—Trump later responded, "You could see there was blood coming out of her eyes, blood coming out of her wherever," implying that her menstrual period was responsible for the tough questioning, not a legitimate concern about his misogynistic chauvinism. He also insulted Carly Fiorina and Arianna Huffington because they don't look like beautiful bimbos, and had this to say about his nemesis Rosie O'Donnell: She's "disgusting—both inside and out. You take a look at her, she's a slob. She talks like a truck driver. She doesn't have her facts. She'll say anything that comes to her mind." Has the pot ever so baldly called the kettle black? With his bizarre comb-over mop fluttering over his forehead and his incessant fishlike lip puckering, Trump is no Adonis, while his acquaintance with relevant facts and ability to control his impulsive mouth are barely above that of the average third-grader.

His sexism, however, is exceeded only by his obnoxious bigotry. According to former president of Trump Plaza Hotel & Casino John R. O'Donnell in his candid book *Trumped!*, the Donald once said in a reference to a black accountant, "Laziness is a trait in blacks.... Black guys counting my money! I hate it." In 1973 Trump Management Corporation was sued by the Justice Department for racial discrimination in rentals—the suit was settled without admission of guilt, but the problems persisted, forcing the Justice Department and New York City's human rights commission to constantly intervene and supervise Trump's operations.



DONALD TRUMP

Recently Trump retweeted a graphic showing that blacks committed 81% of white murders, while whites committed only 2% of black murders—the statistics a total fabrication. According to the FBI's statistics for 2014, the real numbers are, 82% of white murders are committed by other whites, not blacks, and whites are responsible for 7% of black murders, not 2%. His infamous statement about Mexican immigrants—"They're bringing drugs. They're bringing crime. They're rapists."—is just as misleading. Latinos composed 17% of the American population in 2013, but committed only 9% of documented sexual assaults, while whites, at 63% of the population, accounted for 71% of sexual assaults. Who's doing Trump's incendiary "research"? The Ku Klux Klan?

To deter this alleged army of Mexican rapists, Trump promises to "... build a great, great wall on our southern border," and "have Mexico pay for that wall." So what is he going to do—send the Marines to Mexico City to plunder the treasury? And who, then, is going to replace the immigrant workers who do much of the hard construction and farm labor in this country? More than a ridiculously expensive wall, we need a guest worker program, along with some respect for the essential contributions these workers make to our economy.

When he tires of insulting women, blacks and Hispanics—groups that the rest of the GOP is desperate to court—Trump turns his ignorant vitriol on Muslims, alleging that American Muslims in New Jersey openly celebrated the 9/11 attacks (zero evidence of this has been found), and calling for a "total and complete shutdown of Muslims entering the United States until our country's representatives can figure out what is going on." Defending this blan-

ket prejudice, he said, "They're sick people," and "You have to wipe out their homes where they came from, you have to absolutely wipe them out," actually advocating the murder of Islamic militants' innocent family members, an international crime straight out of the Nazi playbook.

British soldier Chris Herbert, who lost a leg in Iraq to a Muslim-planted bomb, has offered the best retort to this cretinous Islamophobia: "A Muslim medic was in the helicopter that took me from the field. A Muslim surgeon performed the surgery that saved my life. A Muslim nurse was part of the team that helped me when I returned to the U.K.... Blaming all Muslims for the actions of groups like Daesh [ISIS] and the Taliban is like blaming all Christians for the actions of the KKK or Westboro Baptist Church."

Even a staunch Republican veteran like John McCain is not immune from Trump's vile slanders. "He's not a war hero," said Trump. "He was a war hero because he was captured. I like people that weren't captured...." McCain's aircraft was shot down, of course, due to no fault of his own, while Trump evaded serving in Vietnam thanks to college deferments and a "foot thing," most likely his chronic foot-in-mouth disease.

Trump confides this: "Experience taught me a few things. One is to listen to your gut, no matter how good something sounds on paper. The second is that you're generally better off sticking with what you know." Which in his case would be real estate deals, harassing lawsuits against anyone who offends his monstrous ego and filing for bankruptcy (four times), not running the world's most complex nation with absurd sound bites, such as, "The concept of global warming was created by and for the Chinese in order to make U.S. manufacturing non-competitive." Right, and the Iranians concocted the theory of evolution to undermine our faith in Christianity. Maybe one other moron somewhere in the world believes such nonsense. But he's not running for President of the United States.

We close with a selection of Trumpisms that prove one thing—his grotesque narcissism and shoot-from-the-lip solutions to complex problems would be disastrous in the White House: "I've got the hottest brand in the world." "People love me. And you know what, I have been very successful. Everybody loves me." "I'm a bit of a P.T. Barnum. I make stars out of everyone." "I have an attention span that's as long as it has to be." "Perhaps it's time America was run like a business."

Not so long ago, we elected another half-wit Republican President who "listened to his gut," had the attention span of a caffeinated parakeet, boasted of his business experience as a qualification for world leadership and whose knee-jerk invasions in the Middle East sparked the metastasizing troubles that Donald Trump "doesn't understand." God help us if we elect another one. **H**



PIMP MY RIDE

Dutch parliament member Gert-Jan Segers got a stiff lesson in "If you don't want the answer, don't ask the question." A member of the ChristenUnie, a socially conservative Christian political party, Segers has spent his career trying to prove that legalizing prostitution in the Netherlands has been a complete failure. Only thing is, he's had trouble supporting his claims with credible evidence. So instead, he tabled a lame-ass question in parliament about "illegal prostitution," referencing a request by a Dutch auto trade organization to take action against driving instructors who give lessons in exchange for sex. Segers probably wasn't expecting a specific answer, but he got one, paving a path for horny service providers across the Netherlands who might never have thought of sex bartering as a viable option. Dutch Ministers Ard van der Steur and Melanie Schultz van Haegen replied that while offering a driving lesson in exchange for sex was "undesirable," it was not illegal, so long as all parties were consenting and over 18. "[It] cannot be seen as prostitution," the ministers wrote. "After all, it's not about offering sexual activities for remuneration, but offering a driving lesson." Amsterdam to-do list: Visit the Anne Frank House, dance under Dutch windmills, become a licensed driving instructor...

HOT AS HELL

New research from the National Bureau of Economic Research suggests that higher temperatures will hurt reproductive health by reducing both fertility and "coital frequency." Hey, you can't fool us—that means the hotter it gets, the less we're getting laid, dammit!

After crunching data from 1931 through 2010, researchers confirmed that U.S. birth rates peak in August and September—meaning hetero couples do more boning during the chill of November, December and January. (We probably could have saved them some research funding there, but whatever). Scientists also found that temperatures above 80 degrees correlate with declining birthrates.

People can get used to just about anything, though. The effect of above-80-degree heat was almost double for those living in cold climates, suggesting that folks from, say, New Orleans, are not going to let a little heat and humidity get in the way of a good fuck. But human adjustment only goes so far. Researchers found that after a hot spell, birthrates don't bounce back completely. To bring it home, that means that as heat waves and higher temps become the norm, fewer workers will be born to pay into social security. Who will push your wheelchair? If you *really* want to bring things home, check out the most recent report from the United Nations' Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change for sobering, by-the-end-of-this-century predictions of global war, population displacement, mass disease outbreaks, widespread food shortages and all-round violence and gloom. No offense, but your boner's probably the last thing you need to worry about.



CLUB GIRL: ONYX MUSE

"My regular customers always brighten up my night when they visit unexpectedly. When I connect with someone, we experience things together. Those memories are special, spiritual and therapeutic experiences that go beyond just getting a front-row seat to boobies." Our 26-year-old May Club Girl loves shocking patrons. "Sometimes the guys mistakenly think I'll be innocent because I have such a young face. When I get on-stage to dance for the first time of the night, I'll properly introduce myself to the room by doing every pole trick in the book. I love to flip the tables on them unexpectedly. You should see the looks on their faces!" Currently Onyx's favorite song to dance to is Chet Faker's "No Diggity." "It makes me feel incredibly sexy," she shares. "The lyrics ignite my energy. No man is able to resist my moves when I hit the stage to that tune." That sounds like a challenge to us! Onyx is currently appearing at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club, Las Vegas. Follow her on Twitter @Onyx_Baby7.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM MANTLON



"Mrs. Tucker, your rectal exam showed traces of semen. Please let me say, I think it's sweet that you let hubby go up the ol' poop chute!"

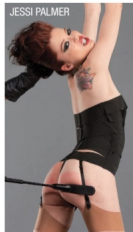
"I think we can all agree that sleeping around is a great way to meet people." — CHELSEA HANDLER, COMEDIAN

MOTHERFUCK

What makes us adore MILFs? Is it that certain grace a woman acquires with maturity? Is it the knowledge of pleasure and sexual experience she offers? Or is it simply the desire to feed some misplaced, milk-craving Oedipus complex? HUSTLER doesn't have psychotherapists on staff to help us untangle these complex questions (which is probably why most of the staff is certifiably loony). But we do know a gorgeous MILF when we see one. We won't say "Happy Mother's Day," because that seems sorta wrong. We'll just leave you with the following images of our favorite real-life XXX moms so you can, you know, meditate or something.



MARIE MCCRAY



JESSI PALMER



NATALIE HEART



FELONY

SERVING THE ARMED SERVICES

For the past three years Mike Busey, founder of the Sausage Castle, a famed party house in Central Florida, has honored Veterans Day by sending pizza to veterans and active service members around the world. This year, inspired to do more, he called up his porn star friend Jenny Jizz. A mere 48 hours later the Sausage Castle played host to the ultimate Veterans Day party. According to Busey, Jizz showed up in a lovely red, white and blue dress, prepared for duty, and 35 lucky vets were put into a "Dick Draft": "The vet with the missing leg got automatic first place," recalls Busey. "The vet with the Purple Heart went second, and the rest were lined up in order of years of service. One girl even brought her boyfriend to get a blowjob!" Jizz serviced them all, some multiple times. Needless to say, the event, replete with home-cooked dinner, free-flowing booze, bonfires, dancing and "blowing shit up!" was a success. "We the people must show gratitude and respect to anyone who's ever served our wonderful country," Busey tells HUSTLER. God bless America, and God bless blowjobs.



A HUSTLER REENACTMENT

"If evolution really works, how come mothers only have two hands?" —MILTON BERLE, COMEDIAN

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Extraordinary!

If the January '16 issue is any indication, then this is going to be a fantastic year. The small photo of the sexy Bonnie Rotten had me stuck on page 18 [Feedback]. What a hot, talented star! Kami [Extraordinary], the honey-covered, long-legged, Czech girl looked so seductive and hungry. Sierra Day [Gifted] was born for sex. Her beautiful eyes and sweet smile give her that innocent look, but when she gets a fat cock in her mouth, watch out! The *Beaver Hunt* section never disappoints. I hope that while Clover is getting rammed in the men's room by her boyfriend on her 22nd birthday, some lucky guy puts his cock down her throat and fills her moaning mouth with his seed. Thanks for a great issue. HUSTLER has been and always will be number one.

—Shawn Connelly
Kansas City, Missouri

Pope's Acid Trip

Usually I prefer brunettes, but Jesus tap-dancing Christ while dropping

acid with the Pope! In the January '16 issue, I saw Summer from the HUSTLER Club in Vegas. She seriously needs her own layout. Hell, how about teaming her with Marley Brinx from the December '15 issue? Summer is truly a sexy woman. Anyone who disagrees is either insane or wrong. Oh, by the way, think we could get a magazine dedicated to just classic layouts and articles? It's rather sad that many people today are walking around without knowing who Barbara Dare is. I'd be the first online to get a subscription!

—Chris Murray
Rochester, New York

Fucking Pussies

Your article about money in politics ["The Moneybags," January '16] encouraged me to give you a shout. I'm running in Oklahoma's Second Congressional District against a two-term incumbent moralist redneck who claims to have never drank a beer, and I'm the youngest person nationwide running for federal office. Most of my platform is campaign finance reform and civil liberties (check out daviestorcongress.com for details). I don't have a great chance of winning, even though I might be the only challenger, so I'm going to have as much fun and make as much noise with my campaign as possible. Larry Flynt has been a hero of mine since I was in high school for what



Readers clamor for a return visit from Marley Brinx, our December '15 Honey.

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of funny letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Dear HUSTLER,

Back in the late 1990s, I wrote a personal letter to Bill Gates. It was a request for a smiley face key on the computer keyboard. I lamented that I could not properly express myself with a typed letter. I needed a smiley face to make clear that what was said was supposed to be funny, amusing or sarcastic. Sometime later, someone started promoting the colon and parentheses as a way of making a smiley face. I still found the handwritten smiley face better. But now there is the emoji! You're welcome.

—Jon Root
Kirkland, Washington

P.S. Mostly I just need money to make a sci-fi movie. Not about my script at the Writers Guild of America. Different. Guaranteed!

he's done for free speech. A recent poll in *New York Magazine* showed that 40% of millennials favor government censorship of offensive speech. I'd like to tell 40% of millennials to stop being fucking pussies. If HUSTLER wants to do a profile or have me write a letter to the editor, you have full access to an FEC registered candidate for federal office.

—Aaron Davies
Poteau, Oklahoma

Big Boy's Wish

If HUSTLER Video ever decides to do a porn flick with an average-size fan, I'm a big boy with a chubby root that does not look so bad when I'm laid out on my back. In addition to being a poet, I'm also a trained stage and film actor. The talented kind. I know those are not requirements, but I can always hit my mark and deliver my lines. In case you were wondering, I'm also one hell of a kisser, and I can feel a woman up! I'm currently unemployed and living out of my car with nothing to lose. You have my contact info should anything come up that fits the bill.

—Joseph F. Sanchez
via email

We're glad Mr. Flynt has inspired you to fight for your right to offend. We'll be following your progress through Oklahoma's electoral bowels with interest. In the meantime, we'd welcome your letter to the editor, and good luck, sir!



"Can't make the game tonight, Bill. I'm under house arrest!"

Congratulations to Aaron Davies of Poteau, Oklahoma, for sending in our Feedback Letter of the Month. We're sure you'll look tremendous on the campaign trail, standing tall in your HUSTLER T-shirt as you shake hands with the public. Let us know what you think of this month's issue, and you could be next month's winner! Send letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"I'm sorry, Mother, but I learned a long time ago
to never lend money to relatives."

A woman with long dark hair is lying on her stomach on a purple towel on a grassy lawn. She is wearing a light blue lace-trimmed top and colorful floral patterned underwear. She is barefoot. In the background, there is a terracotta planter with various plants, a stone wall, and a building with arched doorways. A white wicker table and chairs are visible in the distance. The overall scene is a garden or courtyard setting.

ARIANA MARIE & ABIGAIL MAC

PUSSY PICNIC

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS









I had this boyfriend and we'd fuck constantly. One day he told me, 'I can't deal with this. You want it so much, you should just go do porn.' I guess I took his advice. Since I started, I've discovered all this stuff that I love: getting my nipples sucked and my ears bit... hair-pulling and ass-smacking. It doesn't take much to turn me on."

—Ariana



I've been really, really lucky that the girls I shoot with are into girls. I'm extremely dominant in bed, super vocal. I'll tell a girl what I want her to do. I'll even grab the back of a girl's head and shove her into my pussy. In my experience, if you treat a straight girl like a man would, she'll be more into it."

—Abigail







ABIGAIL'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Baltimore, Maryland** | AGE: **27** | HEIGHT: **5-1** | MEASUREMENTS: **36B-26-37**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Lazy doggy!** | TWITTER: **@MsAbigailMac**

ARIANA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Clearwater, Florida** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **32C-25-34**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Spoon** | TWITTER: **@ArianaMarieXXX** | INSTAGRAM: **@ArianaMarie15_**





REAL AMERICAN HORROR STORY

ARTICLE BY COLIN McCracken

Chicago grew into a mecca of industry and power in the decades following the Great Fire of 1871. It became a bustling city offering a wealth of opportunities, and the lure of a new life and a new job drew thousands. With them came Emeline Cigrand from Dwight, Illinois, in 1892. Young, blond and striking, she was eager to explore the possibilities of the Windy City's booming economy.

Emeline proved herself ambitious. After a short spell working at a rehabilitation clinic for alcoholics, she took a post as personal assistant to a young doctor in the Chicago suburb of Englewood. She found her new employer to be a handsome, commanding individual. She greatly enjoyed the work and his company, and it wasn't long before she fell deeply in love.

Soon her employer became her world. Every day she traveled to his extensive property on 63rd and Wallace. A modern, oddly Gothic structure, it was gargantuan in size and easy to get lost in; corridors would taper off at unusual angles for no clear purpose, and occasionally she'd open doors that literally led nowhere. Still, who was she to question anything when she was so happy?

So she paid no mind to the bizarre warnings of a caller named Ned Conner, who warned her to get away from the building. Nor did she take note of her uncle's suspicions about both her employer and workplace. By that fall, she was completely besotted, and now a proposal of marriage was offered, one she accepted without hesitation.

Emeline dreamed of the European honeymoon she was promised and the prospect of having children with her beloved, who told her he was the son of an English Lord. She allowed him access to her savings (a sum of around \$800), and life seemed to be perfect. Soon she'd be wed to a successful doctor, a member of the aristocracy at that, and her family would no doubt be ecstatic.

One night the doctor asked Emeline to retrieve something from one of the rooms, a dark and foreboding chamber with a heavy door. Upon entering, she felt a slight burning sensation on her bare feet. The thick steel door closed behind her with a quiet thud. Very quickly the room grew warm, uncomfortably so. The air became scarce. Her chest tightened. An acrid substance burnt the back of her throat. She pounded at the door, growing frailer by the minute, calling for her lover. He did not respond. It was not that he was unaware that poor Emeline was trapped. On the contrary, he was watching from a peephole as the life drained from her. He had experienced all the carnal pleasures her body would allow, but nothing could match the height of arousal that came to him from observing her slow demise.

Emeline suffocated to death in a bank vault that had been cleverly modified to look like a standard office or bedroom. When police investigated the premises years later, they found her footprint on the steel door frame, the etching a result of acid on the floor and Emeline's final desperate attempt to escape. >>

**STEP INSIDE THE CHICAGO MURDER CASTLE AND
MEET THE GOOD DOCTOR, A MOST DANGEROUSLY
CHARMING MAN, A TWISTED PSYCHOPATH
WHO MIGHT WELL BE AMERICA'S FIRST
SERIAL KILLER: DR. H.H. HOLMES.**



HOUSE OF HORRORS

Holmes' achievements contain all the staples of an American success story. An astute businessman who made astronomical amounts of money in the late 1800s, he had an expansive portfolio of property across the country and was liked by all who met him.

Unfortunately, behind this charming façade was a swindler and a bigamist, a mass murderer the likes of whom people had neither seen nor heard of before. A ladies' man with an opportunistic eye, he bedded and slaughtered countless women. Estimates range anywhere from a dozen into the hundreds. Indeed, Holmes' activities were so horrendous, they would have made Jack the Ripper recoil in fear.

His block-long, multistory building, known as his Castle, was built in the run-up to the 1893 Chicago World's Fair. It was a lucrative and ambitious project, with shops, restaurants, office space and apartments. And given its close proximity to the proposed World's Fair site at Jackson Park, it was ideal real estate. In actuality, the 162-feet-long by 50-feet-wide structure was an industrialized charnel house for unsuspecting victims seduced by Holmes' manipulative ways.

Chicago was experiencing a population explosion. There was no shortage of young women like Emeline Cigrand, coming to Chicago from all across America looking for work and a fresh start. For many it would be their first time away from small towns and their family homes. With dreams of a brighter future, they were dazzled by the dark intensity of Chicago. Many were recruited by madams as soon as they stepped off the trains. Duped by promises of an easy life, they would only learn the true requirements of their new trade once it was too late to back out. When these girls went missing, it was often a long time before anyone noticed... if anyone noticed at all.

**THE CASTLE
WAS CONSTRUCTED
WITH AN ARRAY OF
SECRET PASSAGES AND
AN ELABORATE SYSTEM
FOR THE DISPOSAL OF
CORPSES, IT ALLOWED
HOLMES TO KILL AT
WILL, FEARING
NO CONSEQUENCE.**

The ones who avoided being tricked into a life of indentured sexual service needed suitable accommodation, something a man such as Holmes was happy to provide. He was adept at lending a sympathetic ear and offering companionship on long, lonely nights. He was the smooth-talk-

ing man mothers warn their daughters about, a philanthropic playboy.

And his manipulative ways were certainly not restricted to females. Holmes hired contractors to work on his building, but after completing only a small portion of it, they would be fired for shoddy workmanship or some other claim of incompetence. By doing so, the doctor barely paid a penny for getting the Castle built, and more importantly, he kept the workers from finding out exactly what he was plotting. One or two peculiar features wouldn't raise much suspicion, but if workers caught an overview of what Holmes was planning, they would have run from the scene in horror. The building was leased under a false name, and multiple aliases were used to acquire fine furnishings and decorations for the stores and apartments.

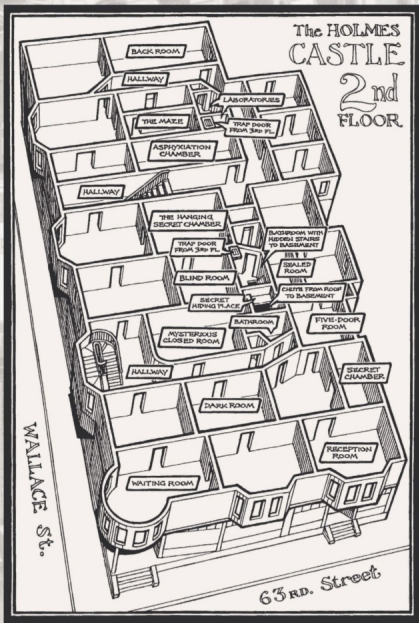
Getting rid of Emeline Cigrand's body was an easy task for Holmes. The Castle was constructed with an array of secret passages, asphyxiation chambers and airtight vaults and an elaborate system for the disposal of corpses. It allowed Holmes to kill at will, fearing no consequence. Even if a terrified young woman tried to escape, the layout was designed to disorient and contain. Holmes fit pipes into certain rooms, allowing him to gas his victims as they slept or as he watched from peepholes, gleaming satisfaction from their painful suffocation. Hidden, multistory chutes lined with grease would transport bodies, such as Emeline's, down several floors without guests noticing.

It was the basement, however, that was the most terrifying of all, fitted with acid baths for the dissolving of corpses and an oversized kiln for cremation. It also featured several torture devices, including a medieval rack for stretching victims. He clearly took great pride in his ability to plan and execute such intricate death traps. But for Holmes, murder was often just the first part of a transaction.

Throughout the 1890s, he swindled, stole and scammed his way to a fortune, killing men, women and

children in the process. To work at the Castle, young, unmarried women needed a life insurance policy, something which Holmes was only too glad to help pay for, provided he was the sole beneficiary of course. Every one of Holmes' victims was worth something, even—and sometimes especially—in death.

At the time medical schools and their students were crying out for fresh corpses to work on, as well as complete skeletons for reference. Often they were willing to turn a blind eye to where they came from—even doctors were creeping around in the dark robbing graves. Holmes, who had attended medical school in Michigan, took notice of this need. A stint working in an asylum had furthered his macabre sensibilities and solidified his view that people were simply items, products no different than slabs of meat on a butcher's counter. After being prepared and sold, Emeline Cigrand's skeleton ended up on display at the LaSalle Medical College of Chicago. >>



MIND-SET OF A KILLER

Filmmaker and author John Borowski has dedicated a significant portion of his life to the study of Holmes and his legacy. His book *The Strange Case of Dr. H.H. Holmes* compiles several publications from the time the events were unfolding. Holmes' memoirs are included, as are court transcripts, a publication by Detective Frank P. Geyer—who pursued the doctor's conviction relentlessly (*The Holmes-Pitzeel Case*), and Holmes' confessions. It's a chilling collection of horror the likes of which Stephen King would have difficulty imagining.

Borowski first discovered Holmes when he was in college and would go on to make a documentary about him, in addition to films about notorious killers Albert Fish and Carl Panzram. For Borowski, what began as idle curiosity would send him on a journey into the mind of a maniac.

"There was no other serial killer in history that designed a building specifically for the purpose of disposing with human remains," explains Borowski as he reflects upon why Holmes became such a fascination. "You have to admire him for being a genius in everything he accomplished. He knew the limitations of the law and how to stay one step ahead of it. But then, on the other hand, he killed men, women and children, all for financial gain."

Borowski would travel across America in search of records, transcripts and evidence surrounding the case that Detective Geyer put together. What he found out would haunt him forever.

A MYSTERIOUS CHILDHOOD

Born in 1861, Holmes came from New Hampshire, and very little is known about his younger days, other than that religion was aggressively practiced within the household. He writes in his memoirs about one particular incident. When he was a young man, a group of boys dragged him into a doctor's office (a place he describes as being of

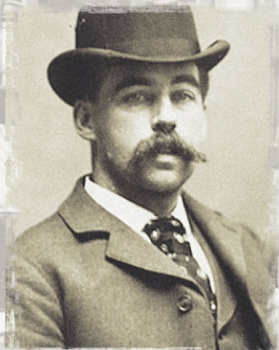
"peculiar abhorrence"), where he was confronted with a fully articulated skeleton. The bony hands were placed against his face. This either terrified or transfixed the child. It was the first time he had seen a human stripped of all flesh. It certainly wouldn't be his last.

Like many men of that time, Holmes married young, at age 17, to a woman named Clara Lovering. They had a child together, but it wasn't long before Holmes became bored and left them. Clara would be the first of several wives. Shortly before moving to Chicago, Holmes married Myrta Belknap, with whom he also had a child. While he had abandoned Clara, he moved Myrta to Chicago with him, but she was kept well away from the Castle and knew nothing about his many sexual indiscretions.

For all of Holmes' brutal murders, his wives were never harmed, a mystery Borowski attempts to shed some light on. "Holmes was such a forward thinker, who had everything meticulously planned out. Everyone around him was a pawn. He knew that if he were ever caught, he would need someone to say something nice about him; something that wasn't detrimental to his character. His second wife, Myrta Belknap, was set up in a nice house with her child, and she had everything. She was comfortable. Holmes just went about his business. One of the first people they interviewed after they went in the Castle and found out about the atrocities in the building was Myrta. Her immediate reaction was, 'Well, I don't know what he does at his building in Chicago, but he's never harmed me or our child.'"

For Holmes, it was all planning. He married a third woman, Georgiana Yoke, who said that she never knew of anything strange taking place.

"There would be times when Holmes would come in flustered, or sweating, but again, as someone who's newly married, your first reaction isn't going to be that your husband's just come back from murdering children. It wouldn't cross your mind," notes Borowski.



DR. H.H. HOLMES

THE DOCTOR TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN TOYING WITH THE INNARDS OF HIS VICTIMS, AS IF PERFORMING SOME MACABRE, EXPERIMENTAL SURGERY.

MURDER INDUSTRIALIZED

Holmes knew that he needed some assistance with his nefarious schemes and so enlisted the help of several men. One, Benjamin Pitezel, became a close assistant and confidant, taking part in multiple murders, as well as helping with body removal and disposal. It was Pitezel who brought Emeline into Holmes' employ.

Charles Chappell was hired to clean the flesh from Holmes' victims and to reconstruct them as articulated skeletons for medical schools, a lucrative business. Holmes would pay Chappell \$36 for each corpse he would strip and prepare. This was, of course, a small fraction of what Holmes would make for himself.

The basement housed two vats, one of bleach and one of carbolic acid, both for the purposes of searing flesh from bone. Chappell recalled stepping into the basement and observing the remnants of Holmes' work, comparing the bodies he saw to skinned rabbits. The doctor, it appeared, took great delight in toying with the innards of his victims, as if performing some macabre, experimental surgery.

"One thing we know about serial killers and sociopaths in general is that disconnection exists," elaborates Borowski on the ease with which Holmes dissected and disposed of his victims: "They see a body as material. Something to be played with. They learn from that. FBI profiler Tom Cronin, who I interviewed for my film, said that Holmes' enjoyment when working with the bodies came from the fact that he had complete control. The serial killer's role is all about power and domination over the victim—he could do whatever he wanted to the body—and Holmes tried to maintain that throughout his entire career."

Ned and Julia Conner, along with their daughter Pearl, came to live in the Castle when, after a brief period of employment, the doctor sold Ned his drugstore (along with its accumulated debts). Julia, an exceptionally tall and enchanting figure, was enamored by Holmes. He seemed so gentlemanly, so powerful and successful, everything she felt her husband was not. Before long they embarked on a passionate affair, and Julia fell pregnant. She wanted Holmes to marry her, and he agreed, but said that a child would be out of the question at this point. His solution was to perform an abortion, which would take place on Christmas Eve, 1891. As she kissed her sweet daughter Pearl goodnight, Julia no doubt spoke of the excitement that awaited in the morning. A stack of presents lay wrapped and prepared. It was a Christmas that neither mother nor daughter would ever see. Holmes killed Julia using a rag soaked in chloroform, choking her to death. He skinned and gutted her in the basement. The girl would be dealt with soon after, joining her mother in eternal sleep in the small hours of Christmas morning.



BENJAMIN PITEZEL

Guests or residents would, of course, ask questions pertaining to the whereabouts of those who went missing, but Holmes would shrug them off with disinterest and apathy. He was so aloof and casually dismissive that it rarely arose any suspicion. He firmly believed that his shtick could get him out of anything.

Minnie and Anna Williams were two Texan sisters worth a small fortune in property. It was Minnie the doctor set his sights on, and he lured her to Chicago with stories of the remarkable future they'd have together. Anna was initially suspicious but, upon meeting Holmes and being treated to the delights of the World's Fair, became convinced that he was a man of great breeding and honor. This lapse in judgment would lead to their deaths.

Anna met a similar fate to Emeline's, except this time Holmes gassed his victim as she floundered in the airtight vault. Minnie's fate is a mysterious one, but records show that Holmes sent two large, heavy trunks to Charles Chappell's house a few days after the Williams sisters disappeared. In a final act of ghoulish magnanimousness, he gave Minnie's clothes to Mrs. Pitezel and her trunk to Pat Quinlan, the Castle caretaker. >>

(continued on page 114)



LILY
IVY

HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HERB KING





go through phases of favorite positions. Sometimes I'm obsessed with doggy; other times I love the intimacy of missionary. And I'm not sure what it's called, but I like it when I'm on my stomach and the guy is on his stomach on top of me, especially if he holds me by my hair or puts my arms behind my back. My fantasy threesome would be with Jack and Kate from *Lost*—although I wouldn't mind adding Sawyer into the mix. So just a big orgy on an island, everybody naked, dirty and sweaty in the jungle with the sun setting."





When my partner and I were in Maui, we drove up to the summit of the Haleakalā volcano, which is more than 10,000 feet high. On our way back down, we stopped and fucked in the car on the side of the road, so we literally had sex in the clouds!"









LILY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **York, Pennsylvania** | AGE: **20**

HEIGHT: **5-6** | MEASUREMENTS: **32DD-25-32**

FAVORITE POSITION: **It depends!**

TWITTER: **@LilyIvyMFC**





**THE
BEST
OF**

SHAY LAREN, FEB. '12

BREASTS



CASSIDY BANKS, JAN. '15



SAMANTHA LEE, NOV. '14



SERENA ALI, JUNE '14



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APRIL O'NEIL, MARCH '11



CHIKITA, SEPT. '10

Huge, bouncing boomers! Enormous knockers! Giant boobies! Presenting the finest D-cup delights of the past five years. Now let's motorboat.



NOELLE EASTON, MARCH '16

CONNIE, JUNE '10



RAVEN ROCKETTE, MARCH '13



HALEY CUMMINGS, JAN. '11



JENNA ASHLEY

STRAIGHT-UP SWEET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS













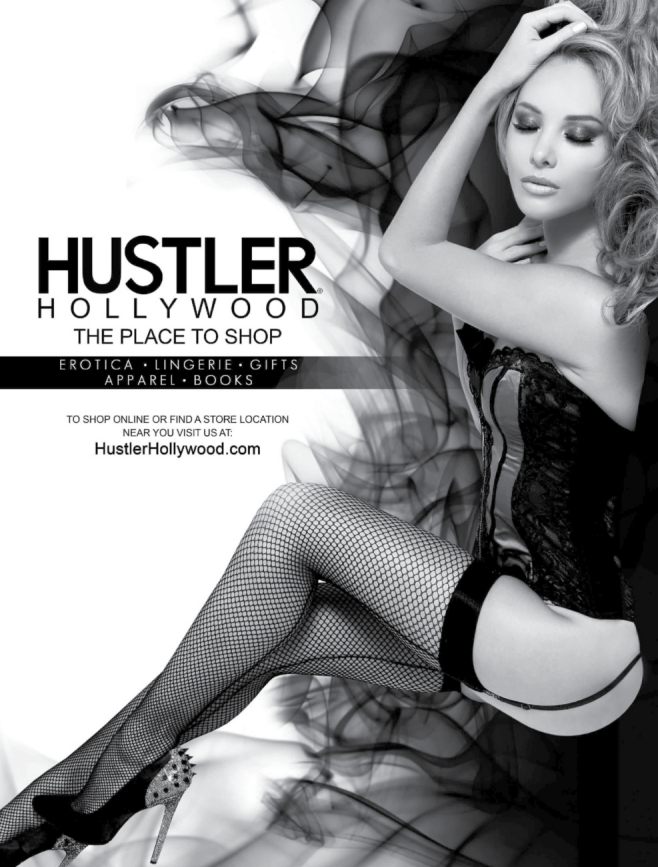
Being successful in porn takes confidence, friendliness, energy, pizzazz, motivation and patience. One important lesson I've learned is to give my full attention to everything, just put my all in. Of course, loving sex is a given!

"I've always been supersexual. I fuck whoever I want, whenever and wherever I want. Even if someone has a girlfriend, I really don't care. I guess I'm a straight-up ho. :)

"My only unfulfilled fantasy is to do a Candy Land-themed scene with real candy. It would be a big all-girl orgy with boys coming in at the end. I'd want the other stars to be Bonnie Rotten, Riley Reid, Kissa Sins, Chloe Amour, Veronica Rodriguez, Luna Star, Alina Li and Christy Mack. It'd be massively hot and super messy!"







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BEN CARSON'S FACE?
HE ALWAYS LOOKS
LIKE HE'S
CONSTIPATED!

YEAH, I KNOW!
THE DUDE IS
FULL OF SHIT!







TIFFANY
THOMPSON

CALI GIRL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS



"I've been a Southern California girl my whole life. I could literally live at the beach—*love* to dig my fingers and toes into the warm sand. And I adore longboarding. I'm the most uncoordinated, clumsy girl you'll ever meet, so if I can do it, anyone can :)"



You know, I didn't used to be into porn. Why would I want to look at other naked chicks? It'd just make me jealous. Now I watch porn all the time. I catch myself looking at it on my phone in restaurants and think, *How wrong is this?* But I'm having the time of my life. They say I'm good at masturbating. I don't know who isn't. I guess it's a talent. Works for me!"









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TIFFANY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Mission Viejo, California**

AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-8**

MEASUREMENTS: **32C-25-34**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**





The owner of a local bar believed himself to be the strongest man around. To prove it, the bar offered a standing \$2,000 bet: The owner would squeeze a lemon until all of its juice ran out into a glass, then toss the juiced lemon to a patron. Anyone who could squeeze out one more drop would win the prize money.

Weight lifters, lumberjacks, longshoremen and other professional strongmen took the challenge, but no one could out-squeeze the brawny owner.

One night a scrawny, little man came into the bar and announced, "I'd like to try the bet." Everyone laughed as the bar owner squeezed the lemon and handed it to the man, but the joint fell silent as the tiny man squeezed out seven more drops.

"Whoa!" exclaimed the flabbergasted owner. "What do you do for a living? Wrestler? UFC fighter?"

"IRS agent."

Question: Why do trees in Wisconsin lean to the south?

Answer: Because Minnesota blows and Illinois sucks.

A third-grade teacher said, "Class, today I would like one of you to use *definitely* in a sentence."

A little girl raised her hand and said, "The sky is *definitely* blue."

"Not exactly," the teacher corrected. "Sometimes the sky is gray, and at night it's black. Can anyone else use the word *definitely* in a sentence?"

Another student raised his hand and announced, "Leaves are *definitely* green."

"Close," the teacher replied. "But remember, in fall they turn all different colors: yellow, orange, red and brown. Does anybody else want to try?"

A boy sitting in the back row raised his hand hesitantly. "Are farts wet and lumpy?" he asked.

"No," said the teacher.

The boy broke into a confident smile. "Then I *definitely* just shit my pants!"

An Irishman was seated next to a Mormon on a flight from London. When the plane reached cruising altitude, the flight attendant came around to take drink orders.

The Irishman asked for a whiskey, which was promptly brought and placed before him. The flight attendant asked the Mormon if he'd like a drink. The Irishman turned to his Mormon neighbor and smiled. "Come on, then. Won't ye join me for a swalley of the good stuff?"

"I'd rather be savagely raped by a dozen whores than let liquor touch my lips," replied the disgusted Mormon.

The Irishman handed his drink back to the attendant and said, "Me too. I didn't know we had a choice."

Question: How do you recognize a mentally challenged rape suspect?

Answer: He steps out of the police line-up and shouts, "That's the girl!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!





"So, think your ol' buddy Jesus would be offended if I shoved a penis he made into a pussy he made?"

BIG



SASHAA JUGGS

GIRLS

Don't Cry

ARTICLE BY ROB PEREZ
PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

GIANT BOOBIES, TREMENDOUS BOOTY, FLESH THAT BOUNCES AND JIGGLES—HUSTLER'S REPORTER AT LARGE DIVES DEEP INTO THE BIG, BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF FAT GIRL SEX AND FINDS OUT WHY SO MANY MEN GO CRAZY FOR CURVES.

I admit it: I love fat girls. Don't get me wrong, I love women of all shapes and sizes, but my attraction to fat girls is primal. From the dawn of mankind up until the turn of last century, these were the girls who turned heads. Then we began to shame them. But times are changing. Big, beautiful women (BBWs) are reclaiming their sexuality and proving themselves ultra-desirable. Call it a plus-size renaissance, but the past decade has seen curvaceous babes catapult to sex symbol status. Mainstream TV and adult entertainment have embraced big beauty queens. And now fat guys like me, who thought we had BBWs all to ourselves, have to compete with jocks and pretty boys for a curvy girl's attention. Fuck! >>

When I set out to research BBW lust, I knew I couldn't just approach dudes on the street. I wanted honest answers from a bunch of guys with fat girl experience. Then it struck me: New York Comic Con! Rumor had it geeks and freaks love chubby girls as much as I do. So I casually approached attendees and struck up a conversation, bullshitting about my knowledge of comic characters. Then, when the time was right, I asked them, "Why do you dig big chicks?"

There were the usual cliché responses like, "More cushion for the pushing," but I persisted. I knew that the more guys I talked to, the better chance I would have of piecing together a complete answer. "What makes a BBW appealing to me is that there's more to grab on to," said Daniel from Southern California. "The few times I hooked up with a big woman, the experience felt enhanced—there was more sexy territory to cover."

"WE'RE SOFT. WE'RE FLESHY. WE HAVE CURVES AND ASS AND TITTIES. THERE'S THE ADDED WEIGHT AND BODY SIZE. A WOMAN OF SIZE WILL HAVE MORE SUBSTANCE."

An anonymous con attendee from Tennessee insisted there was just no comparison between big women and thin waifs. "Skinny women are boring. I've never found anything a skinny girl could do that a BBW couldn't do twice as good. BBWs look healthier and more appealing. They have more respect for themselves in the way they dress."

Mike and Asher from Boston were more specific. Mike commented, "There is nothing better than being behind a nice, round, big booty. Your hands are on her hips, and you're pounding her while watching her tits hang down and swing back and forth with every thrust. You're trying your hardest not to come because it feels so good, you don't want it to be over."

His buddy Asher added, "Physically I'm slim and hung. I love sex and intimacy, and I love my woman to be big. How big? The bigger the better; there's no limit. Why? Not really sure. One could say each person has a preference, and that is my preference. Moreover, when I'm fucking the girl, I like watching her big belly move back

and forth. I like to worship her ass, and a big ass is more pleasurable to worship than a small one. There's more meat and fat to handle, kiss and hug. Also, based on my experience, big girls tend to be more submissive and sensitive than thin girls. I like my woman to moan when I'm touching, licking and fucking her, and I find that more often with big girls." Asher would've kept talking had he not been distracted by a couple of busty Asian babes nearby. Our conversation abruptly ended as he gravitated to their side.

I noticed an older gentleman looking slightly out of place at the convention and approached him for comment. He was possibly in his 60s, but pretty fit for a guy his age. "Frankly, I love any woman, big or thin, who has self-confidence, enthusiasm and is adventuresome," said Bruce, who was visiting from the South and heavily involved in the BDSM scene. "I have taught many seminars on safety, BDSM, rope tying... orgasm classes and others. I like restraining BBWs, and I find their response is sometimes manifold more than other women. A BBW wanting to safely experiment with her sexual response is most appealing."

Okay, so Bruce has tied girls up, but how many fat chicks has he actually fucked? He chuckled. "Many. I do BDSM, and I do it safely and for the sex. Although I am married and live out of state, I am lucky enough to have a wife who enthusiastically enjoys my tales of sexual bondage. I used to go to BBW parties in another state, where I frequently demonstrated ties >>>



APRIL FLORES
PHOTO BY ED FOX



ALEXXXIS ALLURE

**"US BIG WOMEN, WE
TAKE CARE OF OUR MEN.
WE MAKE SURE THEY
ARE SUCKED AND
FUCKED REGULARLY."**

and restraints, and the sex that followed was intense. My feeling is that most women feel safer knowing I am clean, disease-free and married with permission. Many have even become friends with my wife after I play."

My plus-size mission was going well, but I needed more feedback. By the end of the four-day geekfest I still didn't have a complete picture of why average Joes get such boners for thick girls. Then I realized that I hadn't approached any women. So I turned to the BBWs I've befriended over the course of my long career writing about porn. And who better to ask than the current two-time *Adult Video News* BBW Performer of the Year, April Flores, a gal with plenty of admirers, including me. Hell, I'd kill for a chance to get inside her stretchy pants.

"I'm just happy society is shifting its views on plus-size women...we are sexy, and we deserve pleasure and love," says April, a superstar who's appeared in more than 40 titles during her ten-year career. While we talk on the phone, April tells me she's actually in a dressing room, clothes shopping. "One of my goals was to change the general outlook of people, and to see it happening slowly feels pretty satisfying. I would like to think I had a tiny bit of influence in the shift of attitudes toward plus-size women. I'm actually shopping right now

ELIZA ALLURE

and trying stuff on and thinking, *Does this show enough of me?* [Laughs.] I love dressing to accentuate my curves. I like looking at them in the mirror. So, yeah, I do love showing off my body, and when people are checking me out, I feel a little boost of excitement. I dress for myself first of all, but if other people appreciate that, then even better."

So what does April enjoy during sex? "I just like to position my body. I've never not had curves, so I can't really do a comparison, but what I like to do is pose while I'm giving a blowjob. Have the guy grab on to my thighs, spread my legs to show just how flexible I am. I love everything about it. We're soft. We're fleshy. We have curves and ass and titties. There's the added weight and body size. A woman of size will have more substance."

I contacted other sources in the BBW porn community. Would they agree with April? "The guys I've been with who are particularly into BBWs seem to enjoy my thick thighs, soft belly, ample ass, and breasts they can smooch their faces or cocks into," says Kitty Stryker, feminist porn writer and adult performer. "What I love about the BBWs I just after is how soft yet how strong they are. They can kick my ass or envelop me in kisses, hold me down or hold me up. That hard femme thing is just so fucking hot to me." And what should average Joes do to please Kitty? "I really love it when my partner is fucking me from behind and grabs my muffin top as handles to pull me back onto his cock. There's something deliciously primal about it. Also, the bigger my breasts have been, the easier titty-fucking has been, and I love seeing his cock head peek up between my breasts."

Overall, Kitty promises any man an experience he won't forget. "I hear that I have a cunt like a vise and that I'm pretty sexually adventurous. Oh, and I like to giggle a lot during sex—I like my sex to be playful, fun and not very strict, even when it's kinky, and I think my sexual performance aligns with that. I have been accused of being a succubus before, because I tend to gain energy post-orgasm, while my lovers tend to be drained dry. So hold on to your hat—it's gonna be quite a ride."

Next stop: Eliza Allure, who has made sex with average Joes the norm in her videos. "I have slept with thousands of men, or should I say thousands of men have paid me for my services, and they are every type of guy you can think of."

Eliza recently produced and directed *BBW Bosses* for HUSTLER Video, the first of several fat-girl titles the company plans to release in 2016. *Bosses* stars luscious plumpers Bella Bendz, Lady Lynn and Alexxxis Allure. Eliza believes the typical man likes bigger girls because they are generally happier girls. "I think that's why average Joes like us. We're very down-to-earth women. Most of us like to hang out and party, have fun with our friends. We're not so worried about every detail having to be perfect. We're going to have beer and nachos. We're going to watch football with you. I think that BBWs are just average girls, so of course we like our average boys."

"Big women have certain strengths because we know our sexuality," Eliza continues. "I think guys are just drawn to our big, milky titties, and they know we're down to fuck. When we're having sex with our partners and they're touching our bodies, we're not thinking about how fat we are. We're thinking about coming with them. Us big women, we take care of our men. We make sure they are sucked and fucked regularly."

Still, the curvylicious star admits to being submissive when it

comes to sex. "I don't want to be in charge. I like a guy who takes charge, handles my curves, flips me around and pounds me. Then you can lie back, and I'll suck your cock like you're a king all day long. You can do anything you want to me, and I'll please you exactly the way you want. I'm very addictive and unforgettable. I have several men who cannot let go. I know it has to do with my pretty face and my oral skills. I'm really fun."

If you do go on a date with Eliza, here are a few tips to please the red-headed fireball: "I really love when a guy grabs me between my belly and my hips because my belly kind of sits on my lap. I think my curves give them a handle, and they can just pound me so hard. Belly worship is so sensual and dirty. It's like getting your pussy eaten but dirtier. It's really hot. Men should learn to worship every part of their partner's body."

Finally I called up Tim Von Swine, a man who's successfully positioned himself as porn's ultimate average Joe. Never one to curb his words, Swine freely admits he digs bigger gals. "I just think there's something about a curvy woman that seems a little more feminine and kicks me into a different gear. I like regular women, but I think a big ass and big tits are just so female to me. If I see someone too skinny, that just seems so male-centric, whereas curves make me think female, and that turns me on."

Swine, who's had his share of civilian and porno BBWs, swears the following is true: "[BBWs] just always have a wet pussy. When you work in porno, chicks aren't always wet. The big girls are always fucking soft and wet. It's great, and that's a really awesome way to start off any type of banging. You got a gal that you know you can pound and it's not going to hurt them, that you could go wild on and her body feels like a smooth fucking pillow. I'm visualizing it, and I want someone to come over right now. Sex with a plus-size girl seems a little more connected," Swine concludes. "They don't have any issues with me being older or having a fucking beer gut. They seem more than happy to take load after load, and I like that. It's a rewarding feeling."

So there you go. They're big. They're beautiful. They're smoking fucking hot! HUSTLER agrees wholeheartedly with the men and women we surveyed from coast to coast: Fat girls rock! **H**



"This is interesting...a university study has shown that married women who carry a little extra weight live much longer than husbands who complain about it!"

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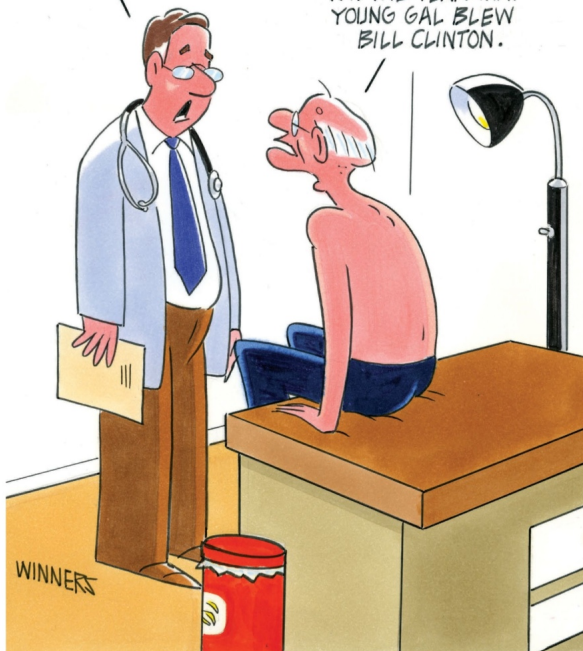
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WAS THE YEAR THAT
YOUNG GAL BLEW
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WINNERS

AJ APPLIGATE &
CASEY CALVERT

GIRLFRIENDS

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: STORMY DANIELS. STARRING: CASEY CALVERT, SCARLET RED, AJ APPLIGATE, SASHA HEART, AUGUST AMES & LILY CADE.



An all-holes, no-poles exploration of female-on-female desire, *Girlfriends* splits the difference between feature-film ambitions and porn-flick carnality. Unfortunately, while the splits on display here are pretty enticing, the jackoff-all-trades approach might lead to a masturbation of none. The basic premise: A novice clam-lapper played by Casey Calvert gets dumped by her girlfriend because she can't fully commit to lesbianism. Dejected—and rejected by her religious parents—Calvert travels to California to visit to her gal pal (Scarlet Red), who has an unrecognized desire for Calvert. In the free-wheeling Golden State, Calvert learns to embrace her dykery, while Red's character struggles to embrace her attraction to Calvert. If that sounds a tad involved, therein lies the central problem with *Girlfriends*. The dialogue is solid enough, but the middle-school-level acting can't convincingly put it across, and after fast-forwarding through fluffery, the viewer's hand might be a bit too weary to work up a decent boner. That said, watching half-devil, half-angel brunette Calvert mash gash isn't the worst way to spend some free time, and seeing her pristine asshole speared by another chick's tongue while she's fingered to oblivion is definitely worthwhile. If you're trying to convince your girlfriend to watch porn, this will probably do the trick. Then again, if you have to convince your girlfriend to watch porn, you should probably find another girlfriend. *Girlfriends* is wrapped with beautiful paper and ribbons, but the box itself feels a little light.

—Pico D. Ribibi



SCARLET RED & CASEY CALVERT





BLACK HEAT 3

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** CHRIS STREAMS. **STARRING:** ANYA IVY, LISA TIFFIAN, CHANELL HEART, CASSIDY BANKS, MANUEL FERRARA, BILL BAILLEY & RAMON NOMAR.



If you find yourself asking for a second helping of dark meat at Thanksgiving dinner, *Black Heat 3* is the tasty, sumptuous slice you're craving. Delectable ebony flesh abounds in this offering, starting with Anya Ivy, a cocoa-colored delight with big, inviting eyes and full, pendulous chocolate-milk mounds. Ivy's pale-skinned partner immediately goes for a motorboat ride before sliding his fat, uncircumcised prick into the silky depths of her luscious cleavage. A skilled sword-swallower, Ivy delivers a passionate twist-and-slurp before riding her assigned schlong reverse-cowgirl style, her tits clapping together in resounding applause. Chocolate vixen Chanel Heart isn't so blessed in the titty department, but she makes up for it with an ass that won't quit even if you ask it to work on a holiday without overtime pay. Sadly, not all of the goods on display are as delectable; Lisa Tiffan has more rolls than a bakery and a too-generous portion of cottage cheese in back. Luckily, high-yellow sexpot Cassidy Banks swoops in to the rescue with her jiggly fun bags and considerable cum-coaxing talents. *Black Heat* offers plenty of black crack for a delightful whack. —P.D.R.

ANYA IVY



CASSIDY BANKS





LISA TIFFIAN



CHANEL HEART





KAREN SUMMER



ERICA LAUREN



LEILANI LEI

GRANNY FUCKS HER GODSON

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** OTTO BAUER.
STARRING: ERICA LAUREN, SYREN DE MER,
 LUNA AZUL, KAREN SUMMER, LEILANI LEI,
 CODY LEWIS, RICHIE CALHOUN, BRAD KNIGHT,
 RION KING & RICHIE BLACK.



Turned on by the thought of crepe-skinned, brittle-boned women sucking young jizz and taking a deep dickling until their crow's-feet are doused with jizz? Pull the shades down, unzip and spend quality time with *Granny Fucks Her Godson*, you demented pervert. This tribute to May/December-of-last-year rutting kicks off with blond, seasoned-past-perfection cock hound Erica Lauren, who summons her godson into her bedroom and sucks on his blood bone as if she's hoping that the Fountain of Youth shoots forth from his urethra. Lauren crouches over her prey, the wrinkles in her shoulder deepening as her veiny hands massage his balls, bravely defying arthritis. She mounts her trophy, her age-dimpled ass cheeks flexing with improbable tautness. Shockingly, her godson's beef baton emerges from Lauren's aged clam cove cobweb-free. Brunet cougar Syren De Mer is less drastically dinged by the ravages of time—her full, jutting udders are like two middle fingers flipping off gravity—but the tiny wrinkles around her lips are still evident as she chokes down her godson's meat mallet. To paraphrase Ben Franklin on the advantages of older women, they don't swell, they don't tell, and they're grateful as hell. If you're down with that, order *Granny* today at 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit HustlerStore.com. —P.D.R.

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Everyone says, 'Go to college,' but when I was a student, I had no direction. I was unsure of what I truly wanted, and I was too scared to explore my options. A friend of mine was in the industry, and she invited me to watch one of her BJ scenes. Then and there, I decided that I wanted someone to jizz all over my face too!"





I've always been a sexual fiend. If I say I want your cock in my mouth, I mean it. Big is okay, but I prefer average-size penises. And I love it rough. Pull my hair, smack me a bit, pound my pussy and make me scream. I love it when a man becomes a beast in the bedroom. I've learned to ask for what I want, and getting it has totally changed my life for the better."

A woman in a red, strapless, ruffled dress is shown from the waist down, posing with her hands on her hips. She is wearing black lace underwear. The background is dark.

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ALISON FRIDAY

"I believe that nakedness is beautiful," professes Alison Friday, 27, an "ambitious and persistent" cosmetologist from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. "If you've got it, why not show it?" We believe that the 5-foot-8 newbie looks so fantastic when her clothes come off, she's worthy of her very own exclamatory abbreviation: TGIAF! Alison—a big fan of the flick *I Love You, Man* and the British crime series *Sherlock*—will make any fella feel extra thankful if he's by her side when she's watching the boob tube: "I'll commentate on a movie or TV show or simply use it as background noise as we get down to business," the doggy-style and role-playing aficionada confides. "I'm straight and seductive, and I can show a guy many things with my witty mouth."

—Photos by Scott Davis Photography

A full-page photograph of a woman with long, dark, wet hair. She is nude, with her skin glistening with oil or water. She is crouching in a low, wide pose, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her right hand is raised to her head, and her left hand rests on her thigh. She is wearing black high-heeled sandals with crisscrossing straps. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

"I'm a big dreamer. My fantasy is making love at night on a rooftop with lots of candles and a Rob Zombie CD playing in the background."



SAMANTHA

"Being naked makes me happy," raves Samantha, a spanking-new MILF from Hilton Head, South Carolina. "Posing naked for someone makes me even happier." We're elated that the 5-foot-8 exhibitionist sent us a batch of smoking-hot pics. "I know what your readers are going to do," Samantha gushes. "They'll be jacking off to me, which I find exciting." As frank as she is adorable, the "very bi" cooking, tennis and reading buff also tells us, "I've always been outgoing, friendly and very sexual, but having a baby has made me want to have sex even more, especially with more girls. They can't get you prego." Samantha adds, "I like to seductively distract my boyfriend as he tries to watch TV. It always winds up with me getting fucked doggy so he can keep watching his shows as he pumps into me." Samantha, who'll be blowing out 23 candles in May, already has drawn up the grand finale for her birthday celebration: "I want to have a sex party with my boyfriend and two or three other girls. Lots of tongues, toys and dripping cum. It will be a fun time for everyone." Happy birthday, Samantha!

—Photos by Kickback Productions



"I keep my pussy nice and smooth. I don't want anyone to get a hair in their teeth from me. And I like eating girls who shave too."





ARIEL

This 24-year-old concierge from Escondido, California, is quite cunning. "I like working with people and helping them find things," Ariel explains. "Plus I get to find out which guy or girl is looking for fun while they are staying at my hotel." By registering as one of our guests, she's found the perfect place to be alluringly naked and incredibly candid. "My favorite pastimes are tanning, watching *NCIS* and other crime shows and thinking of kinky things to do," the 5-foot-3 redhead reveals. "I'm very bi and very wild and not shy in bed" Or elsewhere! "My boyfriend and I were having sex at the beach when some people walked by," Ariel recalls. "We put on a great show for them." That's not her only public display of affection interruptus: "I love giving head, especially in movie theaters. One time a guy sat down next to me and jacked off as I gave my guy a great blowjob." The fearless Fear Factory diehard envisions an even larger audience for her ultimate sexcapade: "I've done all of my fantasies except for being in an orgy."

—Photos by Mahalos Chuck



LILIANNA

"I have a nice body, so I thought it would be interesting to show it off," declares 18-year-old Lilianna, a "smart and outgoing" college student from Painesville, Ohio. The 5-foot-4 skin-mag rookie has several other attributes that make her desirable: "I like to have fun, I have a good heart, and I am great to get along with." For hobbies, Lilianna lists "writing, cheerleading and watching *Teen Mom*, *Awkward* and *Footloose*." She's also a fan of R&B singer Omarion and a pair of country crooners—Toby Keith and Luke Bryan. Lilianna's version of "How Do You Like Me Now?!" has a mouthwatering postscript: "I'm bi, seductive, submissive and passionate. Kissing my body and neck really turns me on. I also love doggy-style, being eaten out and getting on top and riding it."

—Photos by DavidKPhoto.com



"My fantasy is to meet Luke Bryan and have sex with him."



MISSY LEE

"I have gotten naked or had sex in many public parks, parking lots and a laundromat," admits Missy Lee, 31, a maid from Provo, Utah. "What can I say? Sometimes you have to get off without delay! I am gregarious, unapologetically self-indulgent and always fun to have around." Being *HUSTLER* eye candy is right up her alley. "I wanted to show off my brazen sexuality and favorite dildo," the 5-foot-5 Beehive Stater asserts. "I'm slippery and single, like any good bad girl. I have a lock-up-your-wives hunger for the ladies and an insatiable hankering for men. I love sucking cock, 69 is my favorite number, and reverse cowgirl always gets the juices flowing." Missy also digs fishing, hiking, *Sons of Anarchy*, bukkake porn, swinger parties, rock music—particularly Led Zeppelin, the Black Keys and Poison the Well—and "causing trouble." But no one has trouble with Missy's bravado: "I'm confident and sexy. I love extravagantly, and I fuck wildly." —Photos by JMR Foto





"One of my fantasies is to have a Swedish nanny to take advantage of. I'd also love to have an affair with a politician that's much hotter than Clinton and Lewinsky's."

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(continued from page 35)

CAPTURED!

The Cigrand and Conner families, as well as several others, hired private detectives to investigate the disappearance of their loved ones. They would inevitably end up on Holmes' doorstep. Being the master manipulator that he was, the doctor would send them away satisfied that those missing had all simply moved on, leaving no forwarding address. He realized, however, that his time in Chicago was drawing to a close. The Castle had tapped his fortunes, and his creditors were becoming increasingly aggressive, even banding together with a team of lawyers to confront Holmes and press charges. Holmes literally ran away from the meeting during a brief recess.

He set fire to the Castle and fled, hoping to file it as arson and make a claim on the insurance before moving to Fort Worth, Texas, where he had swindled the Williams sisters out of their property. Plans began to construct a new version of the Castle there. He was still up to his old tricks, in more ways than one. An attempted fraud scam soon landed Holmes in prison. He'd simply picked the wrong mark.

While incarcerated, Holmes decided he would initiate a \$10,000 insurance scam that would involve him faking his own death. This would get him off the hook for any previous crimes and allow him to start fresh. Currently arrested and detained with a petty criminal named Marion Hedgepeth, Holmes promised to send Hedgepeth \$500 once they were released, provided the convict assist him in finding a trustworthy lawyer to help complete the scam. Hedgepeth steered him in the direction of an attorney, but the scheme failed. Holmes neglected to live up to his side of the bargain and never sent the \$500, a move that would have grave repercussions.

Undeterred, Holmes decided that he would carry out a similar scheme with his assistant Benjamin Pitezel. To make it all easier (from Holmes' point of view), instead of hiding him, he simply murdered Pitezel in a brutal and horrifying manner, using benzene and flame to hideously burn and scar the body beyond all recognition.

The doctor then began the most audacious and remarkable period of his murder spree, taking his need for control to new extremes. He wrote to Carrie Pitezel, his assistant's wife, telling her that Benjamin was still alive, but must remain in hiding, lest the authorities discover their collaboration. She sent her children Alice, Nellie and Howard on the road with Holmes, who, in an act of incredulous arrogance, then summoned Carrie to follow them. At one point the children were writing lonely letters to their mother, who unbeknownst to them was only a short distance away. One of Holmes' greatest mistakes was to not send those letters.

Holmes was finally arrested in Boston in 1894. Hedgepeth, still bitter about not receiving his \$500, had tipped off the authorities. Now in custody, it was simply a case of attributing the suspected crimes to him, although that in itself would prove to be very difficult indeed. The Pitezel children had vanished.

A PINKERTON MAN

During the blistering summer months of 1895, Detective Frank P. Geyer left Philadelphia on a new case. His heart was broken, for a house fire had robbed him of his wife and 12-year-old daughter. Something about this new assignment greatly troubled him, because there were missing children involved. The suspect, a man named Herman Webster Mudgett, languished in a Moyamensing Prison cell after being apprehended for insurance fraud, but Geyer knew there was more to it: One thing was certain. He wasn't going to let this mystery go unsolved, whatever the cost.

Traveling in stifling train cars and dusty coaches, he journeyed across America and Canada, embarking on a painstaking, frantic search for the Pitezel children, literally going from door to door. The suspect had allegedly faked the death of their father to collect an insurance premium of \$10,000. Not only did Geyer believe that Benjamin Pitezel had actually been murdered, but was convinced that the children had met a similar fate. It seemed impossible to prove what had happened to the children, but Geyer was a Pinkerton.

The Pinkerton National Detective Agency was feared by criminals throughout the land. If the Pinkertons were after you, your cards were marked. Their motto was "We Never Sleep," and their success rate was phenomenal.

THE DEVIL IN THE WHITE CITY

Geyer didn't stop searching. Using the unsent children's letters, which had been recovered from Holmes, his journey brought him to Toronto in July. Through hotel records, he discovered that the two Pitezel girls had stayed with Holmes, but there was no mention of Howard. They received a tip that someone remembered Holmes renting a house on St. Vincent Street.

When Geyer interviewed Thomas Ryves, the neighbor of that rental house, he was told how a man had arrived at the property with very little furniture. Just a large trunk and a mattress. The new tenant called over and requested the loan of a shovel. Geyer knew exactly what to expect as he asked Ryves if he could borrow it as well.

Investigating the basement of the rental, Geyer found a loose patch of earth. Frantically digging into it, using the same spade Holmes had held a few months previously, he released a plume of toxic gas from the decomposing bodies. He finally found what he had been searching for all this time. The nude corpses of the Pitezel girls lay rotting in the basement, to the complete ignorance of the current tenant. One of the corpses, Nellie's, was missing its feet. Nellie had been born with a club foot, and Holmes was trying to disguise her identity. There was, however, no third body. The case continued.



DETECTIVE FRANK P. GEYER

**A CHARRED BULK OF
FESTERING ORGANS
WAS DISCOVERED, ALONG
WITH SOME TEETH AND
A PORTION OF JAW.
HOWARD'S FAVORITE
TIN TOY, A GIFT FROM
HIS FATHER, WAS FOUND
AT THE SCENE.**

Geyer had investigated thousands of leads and was still getting nowhere in his search for Howard. It was now August, and he had traveled as far as Indianapolis. Holmes was in prison, but unless Geyer could tie him to the murders, he would get off lightly. In the meantime, the doctor penned his memoirs, in which he professed his innocence, claiming to have loved the children like a father. Geyer was now a national celebrity, and the case became a popular murder mystery.

Then, with a stroke of immense luck, Geyer met a man who had rented a house to Holmes in which he had installed a large woodstove. Holmes had also been to a local repair shop, where he had some surgical tools sharpened. When Geyer searched the house, he found the gory remains of Howard Pitezel stuffed into the chimney of the stove. A charred bulk of festering organs was discovered, along with some teeth and a portion of jaw. Howard's favorite tin toy, a gift from his father, was found at the scene.

Now that Holmes could be indicted on murder charges, everything changed. The police began questioning known affiliates, such as Pat Quinlan and Charles Chappell. Gruesome truths were revealed.

The remains of multiple victims were discovered in the Castle. Bones and teeth of men, women and children were found in the basement. It was the most horrifying event in Chicago's history, and the case shook the entire world.

Holmes, however, remained nonplussed by the whole affair. Even when he stood trial, in an act of defiant hubris, he chose to represent himself. As Carrie Pitezel stood in the dock crying, Holmes simply sat with a gaze of complete disinterest. Even the judge wept at the description of this barbaric slaughter of innocent children.

William Randolph Hearst made Holmes a generous offer to write his confessions, in which he admitted to 27 murders, some of which have since been discredited. Holmes was proven to be human after all when he was hung on May 7, 1896. The true total of his victims went to the grave with him. In a final act of bizarre control, Holmes requested that his coffin be filled with cement and that his grave also be sealed so that no one would interfere with his body in death. For some reason, this request was honored.

In his confession, with characteristic pomposity, he wrote of how he felt he was physically changing as he was incarcerated, becoming more like Satan himself. "I am convinced that since my imprisonment, I have changed woefully and gruesomely," Holmes noted. "My features are assuming a pronounced Satanical cast... My head and face are gradually assuming an elongated shape. I believe fully that I am growing to resemble the Devil." **H**



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A blonde woman is lying on her back in a pool of water. She is looking towards the camera with her mouth slightly open. Her hands are resting on her chest. She is wearing a thin bracelet on her right wrist. A purple towel is draped over her head and shoulders. The water is blue and rippling.

EMBER
&
BILLY

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PHOTOGRAPHY
BY CLIVE MCLEAN







Ember giggles as she squirts a stream of hot piss into her neighbor Billy's pool. "Bitch!" Billy screams. "I'm trying to swim here!"

"Sorry," Ember teases, "I was just trying to warm up the water. Do you want me to freeze my cunt off?"

Gracious host Billy spreads the excited wif's legs and gives her clean-shaven mound a few warm-up laps.

"Now fill my pussy with that hot cock," Ember pants. "Nothing spreads heat faster than a good pump."





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ALEX GREY

AMBER ROSE

Bad to the bone, this self-proclaimed bitch owns every name she's been called, and she's been called all of them. The business dynamo/sex-diva sits down with **HUSTLER** for a one-on-one to talk seduction, slut-shaming and eating out Amy Schumer. Photo courtesy Brendan Forbes.



PAUL KRASSNER

"Before *Roe v. Wade*, when abortion was illegal, I thought it would never be legalized in my lifetime. And then I thought abortion would never be illegal again." Founder of *The Realist* Paul Krassner revisits the '60s—when he ran an underground abortion referral service—and decries our loss of reproductive rights today.



GIRL POWER

Age is just a number, but when that number reaches 18, watch out! Allie Rae, Sydney Cole, Sophia Grace, Natalie Heart and Jaye Austin are eager to prove that youth has every advantage, especially in bed... or on the floor, the counter... in a chair...well, anywhere. See these beautiful teenagers reach their true potential.



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